

# THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME II.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1852.

WHOLE NUMBER 71.

## THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY  
J. W. BARNES & Wm. N. ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by mail, . . . \$1.00  
Delivered by the carrier in the village, . . . 1.50  
One shilling in addition to the above will be  
charged for every three months that payment is  
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are  
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty  
cents, twenty-five cents for each subsequent inser-  
tion. Legal advertisements at the rates prescribed  
by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements as  
follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00	1 square 1 year, \$5.00
1 " 3 " 2.00	1 column 1 " 20.00
1 " 6 " 3.00	1 " 1 month, 5.00

Advertisements unaccompanied with written or  
verbal directions, will be published until ordered  
out, and charged for. When a postponement is  
added to an advertisement, the whole will be charged  
the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-  
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post  
paid.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1852.

**L. K. DEVELLY**, Tailor and Cutter. The sub-  
scriber has opened his shop, and would respect-  
fully invite the attention of the citizens of Mus-  
kegon and vicinity who are in want of a first  
rate garment, good and stylish. I feel confident  
in giving entire satisfaction to those who may  
favor me with their patronage. Muskegon,  
October, 1852.

**WHITE LAKE HOUSE**, By Clements & Bow-  
ers. The proprietors having recently newly fit-  
ted and re-furnished this House, feel confident  
that visitors and travelers will find this House to  
compare favorably with the best in the State.—  
The traveling community are invited to call.

**HENRY MARTIN**, successor to Ball & Martin.  
Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

**HENRY R. WILLIAMS**, Storage, Forwarding  
and Commission Merchant, also Agent for the  
Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand  
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

**C. B. ALBEE**, Storage, Forwarding and Com-  
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,  
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,  
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—  
Store, corner Washington and Water streets,  
Grand Haven, Mich.

**GILBERT & CO.**, Storage, Forwarding and  
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,  
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-  
ven, Michigan.

**FERRY & SONS**, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-  
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots  
and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines—also man-  
ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber.  
Water Street, Grand Haven.  
Wm. M. FERRY, Jr. } Wm. M. FERRY.  
Thos. W. FERRY. }

**HENRY GRIFFIN**, Dealer in Staple and fan-  
cy Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and  
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,  
Deans, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,  
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c.  
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,  
Michigan.

**F. B. GILBERT**, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-  
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery  
and Stone Ware, Hardware, Groceries, Provi-  
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

**L. M. S. SMITH**, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,  
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Gro-  
ceries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,  
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner  
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

**HOPKINS & BROTHERS**, Storage, Forwarding  
& Commission Merchants; general dealers in all  
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-  
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and  
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

**C. DAVIS & CO.**, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-  
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and  
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

**WASHINGTON HOUSE**, By HENRY PENNOYER.  
The proprietor has the past Spring new-  
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,  
and feels confident visitors will find the House  
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

**WILLIAM TELL HOTEL**, by HERMAN JOACH-  
IM. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms  
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-  
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

**STEPHEN MONROE**, Physician and Surgeon.  
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Wash-  
ington Street, Grand Haven.

**M. B. HOPKINS**, Attorney and Counsellor at  
Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Circuit Court  
Commissioner for Ottawa County. Office first  
door west of H. Griffin's store.

**R. W. DUNCAN**, Attorney at Law, will attend  
promptly to collecting and all other professional  
business entrusted to his care. Office over H.  
Griffin's Store, opposite the Washington House,  
Grand Haven, Mich.

**H. MERRILL**, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots  
and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders promp-  
tly attended to. Shop one door below the Wash-  
ington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

**JAMES PATTERSON**, Painter and Glazier.  
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at  
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-  
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at  
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

**JOHN T. DAVIS**, Merchant Tailor. Shop on  
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-  
fin's Store.

**GROSVENOR REED**, Prosecuting Attorney for  
Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston  
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

**HOYT G. POST**, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-  
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-  
ington House.

**WILLIAM N. ANGEL**, Register of Deeds, and  
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over  
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the  
Washington House, Grand Haven.

**HENRY PENNOYER**, Treasurer of Ottawa  
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite  
the Washington House.

**ASA A. SCOTT**, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—  
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-  
ington House.

**I. O. O. F.**, Regular meetings of Ottawa Lodge  
No. 46, is held every Wednesday evening, at their  
Lodge Room in the Attic of the Washington  
House. Members of the Order are cordially in-  
vited to attend. Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

There is a time, just ere the frost  
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,  
When Autumn, in a reverie lost,  
The mellow day-time dreams away.

When Summer comes, in mind,  
To gaze once more on hill and dell,  
To mark how many sheaves they bind  
And see if all is ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,  
The dying flowers look up, and give  
Their sweetest incense ere they go,  
For her who made their beauties live.

She enters 'neath the woodland shade,  
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,  
And bear it gently where are laid  
The loved and lost ones in its grief.

She seeks the shore—old Ocean heaves  
In gladness huge his mighty breast,  
Prisons his wild winds in the caves,  
And basking in their smiles, is blest.

And last old Autumn, rising, takes  
Again his scepter and his throne;  
With boisterous hand the trees he shakes,  
Intent on gathering all his own.

Sweet Summer, sitting, flies the plain,  
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,  
See miser Autumn board his grain  
And smiles to think it's all for him.

## OUT OF HEART.

"Why so sad Ernest?" asked the young wife,  
Of her husband, affectionately twining her arms  
around his neck, and kissing him.

He looked up with a sad smile, and replied—  
"I am almost out of heart, Mary; I think of all  
pursuits my profession is the worst. Here I  
have been, week after week, month after month,  
I may say year after year, waiting for practice,  
yet without success. A lawyer may volunteer  
in a celebrated case, and so may make himself;  
but a physician must sit patiently in his office,  
and if unknown, see men with half his acquire-  
ments rolling in wealth, while he, perhaps is  
starving. And it will soon come to that," he  
added bitterly, "if I do not get employment."

An unbidden tear started into his wife's eye,  
but she strove to smile and said:  
"Do not despond, Ernest, I know you have  
been unfortunate so far, but you have talents and  
knowledge to get your way as soon as you get a  
start. And depend upon it," she added with a  
cheerful look, "that will come when you least  
expect it."

"So you have told me often, but the lucky  
hour has never come," said her husband despond-  
ingly. "And now every cent of our little fortune  
is expended, and our credit will soon be gone,  
when it is found we do not pay. What then is  
to become of us?"

Ernest was in a mood which the most san-  
guine sometimes experience when disappoint-  
ment after disappointment has crushed the spir-  
it, and the voice of hope is no longer heard  
within. His wife would have given way to  
tears, if she had been alone, but she felt the ne-  
cessity of sustaining him, and answered cheer-  
fully—

"What if every cent is gone? Have no fear  
that we shall starve. God sent the ravens to  
feed Elijah, and he may yet interpose for our aid.  
Trust in him, dearest?"

"But really, Mary, this want of success would  
try the stoutest spirit. The mechanic, the day  
laborer, the humble farmer is sure of his food  
and raiment; but I, after having spent years in  
study, have passed years besides waiting for  
practice, and now, when all my fortune is gone,  
lose all I ever spent, both of time and money,  
and must forever abandon the idea of my pro-  
fession. It is too hard."

And he arose and walked the room with rapid  
strides.

His wife sighed and remained silent. But af-  
ter a moment or two, she went up to him, and  
fondly encircling him with her arms, said—  
"Dear Ernest do not worry yourself so. You  
think it painful for me to endure poverty, I know;  
but woman never regards such things when she  
loves. A crust of bread, and a log cabin would  
be preferable to me, if I shared them with you,  
than a palace with another. But it will not  
come to this. Something assures me you will  
yet be rich. Have patience a little while long-  
er. There is a knock at the door—it may be for  
you."

As if her words had been prophetic, the little  
girl, their only servant, appeared at this crisis,  
and said the doctor was wanted in a great hurry.

With an exulting smile, his wife ran for his hat,  
and then sat down with a beating heart to await  
his return.

It was almost the first summons the physi-  
cian had received, though he had resided in the  
village for more than a year. The place was  
large and populous, and there were several physi-  
cians of large practice, and all this combined  
to put down the young rival. More than once,  
therefore, Ernest would have abandoned the field  
in despair, but his young wife cheered and en-  
couraged him; tho' sometimes her own heart felt  
ready to give up.

Mary Linwood was, indeed, the greatest of all  
blessings, a good wife. She sympathized with  
her husband, and economized to the utmost, and  
by her sanguine words chased despondency from  
his heart.

Hour after hour she sat there awaiting her  
husband's return; yet he came not. At last  
darkness set in, and she began to feel uneasy.—  
She was about rising to go to the door when she  
heard her husband's foot on the step, and hurri-  
ed out. She met him in the hall.

"God bless you, Mary, for an angel as you  
are," were the first words. "If it had not been  
for you, I would have given up long ago, but now  
my fortune is made."

Breathless with anxiety to hear all, yet not un-  
mindful of his probable wearied condition; Mary  
hurried her husband into the little sitting  
room, where all the tea things were laid, and be-  
gan to pour out the refreshing beverage with a  
trembling hand, while Ernest told the history of  
his day's absence. "I found" said he "that I  
was sent for to old Governor Houston's—the  
richest and most influential man, you know, in  
the country—and when I got there, I learned, to  
my surprise, that the Governor had been thrown  
from his carriage, and was thought to be dying.  
All the physicians in the place had been sent for,  
but none could aid him. In despair, his wife,  
without orders had sent for me. I saw his only  
chance for life depended on a new and difficult  
operation, which none of the other physicians  
had ever seen before performed. I stated that  
I thought it could be done. The old Governor  
was a man of iron nerve and quick resolution.  
When he heard the others say they could do no  
more for him, he determined to commit himself  
to my hands. I succeeded beyond all my hopes  
—even the other physicians were forced to ac-  
knowledge my skill, and there is nothing now  
but care required to make my patient as well as  
ever. On parting, he put this roll of bank notes  
in my hand."

Mary was in tears long before her husband  
finished his narrative, but her heart went up with  
thankfulness to God, for having thus interposed  
just at the crisis when hope seemed gone.

From that day, Ernest Linwood was a made  
man. The fame of his operation was in every  
one's mouth—by the aid of his patient, now be-  
come his patron, he stepped at once into prac-  
tice among the best families of the place.—  
Wealth, as well as reputation, flowed in upon him  
but he always attributed his success to his wife,  
whose affection had cheered and sustained him  
when out of heart.

There is nothing, we would say like a faithful  
wife; under God, our weal or woe for this life de-  
pends upon her. If she is desponding, your  
own sanguine spirit catches the infection. But  
if she is full of hope and energy, her smiles will  
cheer you on in the darkest hour, and enable you  
to achieve what you at first thought impossi-  
bilities. Our success in this world, as well as our  
happiness, depends chiefly upon our wives. Let  
a man marry one, therefore, "equal to either  
fortune," who can adorn his riches or brighten  
his poverty, and who under all circumstances  
will be truly his helpmate.

## RUINS OF AN ANCIENT AND MAGNIFICENT CITY

AT TINIAN ISLAND, IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.—

Capt. Alfred K. Fisher of this town, informs us  
that when on his last whaling voyage, in the  
ship America, of New Bedford (which was about  
8 years ago) he had occasion to visit the island  
of Tinian, (one of the Ladrone Islands,) to land  
some sick men. He stopped there some days.

One of his men, in his walks about the island,  
came to the entrance of the main street of a large  
and splendid city, in ruins. Capt. Fisher, on  
being informed of the fact, entered the city by  
the principal street, which was about three miles  
in length. The buildings were all of stone of  
a dark color, and of the most splendid descrip-  
tion. In about the centre of the main street  
he found 12 solid stone columns, 6 on each  
side of the street—they were about 45 or  
50 feet in height, surmounted by cap-stones of  
immense weight. The columns were ten feet  
in diameter at the base and three at the top.—  
Capt. F. thinks the columns would weigh about  
60 or 70 tons, and the cap-stones about 15 tons.

One of the columns had fallen, and he had a  
fine opportunity to view its vast proportions  
and fine architecture. From the principal street  
a large number of other streets diverged.—  
They were all straight, and the buildings were  
of stone. The whole of the city was entirely  
overgrown with cocoanut trees, which were 50  
and 60 feet in height. In the main street,  
pieces of common earthenware were found.—  
The island has been in possession of the Span-  
iards for a long time. Six or seven Spaniards  
resided on the island when Capt. F. was there.

They informed him that the Spaniards had had  
possession about 60 years—that they took the  
island from the Kanakas, who were entirely  
ignorant of the builders or the former inhabi-  
tants. When questioned as to the origin of the  
city, their only answer was—"There must have  
been a powerful race here a long time ago."

Capt. F. also saw on the island immense  
ledges of stone, from which the buildings and  
columns were evidently erected. Some por-  
tions of them exhibited signs of having been  
worked. Here is food for speculation. Who  
were the founders of this once magnificent  
city in the North Pacific, and what has become  
of their descendants? Whatever the answer  
may be, they were evidently a race of a very  
superior order.

Weaknesses seem to be more carefully and  
anxiously concealed than graver and more deci-  
ded faults—for human nature is more ashamed  
of the first than of the last.

## NUTS FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

The Oct. number of the Knickerbocker, is  
rich and mellow as the month from which it  
dates. We gather a few of its ripe nuts.

THE HAY HARVEST.—Corn-husking is a  
merry festival, but the harvesting of the hay  
arouses all the sylvan sympathies, and puts  
me in a pleasant mood. There is a rich broad  
meadow before my door, and its distant edges  
undulate in shadowy covers over which the  
mountain with its waving woods casts a deep  
shadow. Now it is shorn as neat and trim as  
the head of any popinjay. In the burning  
noontide from day to day I watch the measur-  
ed motion of the reapers' arms, the heads and  
spears of the clover and tall grasses as they fall  
in regular ranks before the whetted scythes, and  
then tossing it on bright tines, and turning it  
to be cured by the sun and air. This is clean  
work suited alike for patriarchs or boys, and  
truly to be envied on a cloudy day or when  
the sun sinks low. Then I have marked the  
transfer of the conic heaps into the arms of  
the lofty man upon the loaded cart, the ani-  
mated dialogue and witty rejoinders between  
the workman on the ground and him in the  
air, as he packs down the fragrant masses be-  
neath his feet, and the pleasant pilgrimage  
from heap to heap. There is strength and grand-  
eur in the patient ox, exciting admiration and  
almost love, beside a well considered keeping  
betwixt himself and equipage. How do his  
great utility and the cumbersome, bulky masses  
which he has to draw, his elephantine move-  
ment and clumsy grace—the plain but out-  
spread horns, surmounting his expansive fore-  
head, and his big liquid eye, accord with the un-  
wieldy cart, with the burdensome yoke which  
bows his thick neck and spinal column to the  
ground, and with the long goad which draws  
forth a hollow sound as it is brought down re-  
with remorseless violence upon the frontal  
bones. And then his vocabulary, which he  
understands so well, composed of a few words  
of Hebraic simplicity: Haw! Buck! Gee!—  
Haw! Come around! I tell ye to haw,  
now!"

## A RACE OF RED MEN IN WESTERN AFRICA.

The *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages* for June  
contains a translation by Cherbonneau, Profes-  
sor of Arabic at Constantinople, of the journey  
of a traveler named Tuggurt via Timbuctoo to  
the mountains of the Moon. These mountains  
however according to this account, do not lie in  
Middle, or rather Eastern Africa, as laid down  
in our geographies, but among the Western  
highlands, which fill the space between the  
middle course of the Niger and the Atlantic  
Ocean. The route taken was from Timbuctoo  
to Dschenne, up the Niger, then for some time  
upon the Niger, and finally by land of Bambara  
Sakay, Maika and Sakat.

Then follows the ensuing passage: "Be-  
yond the circle of Sakat begins, so to speak, a  
new world—the people have a red color, of  
whom a part are herdsmen, possessing innum-  
erable herds of camels and flocks of sheep—  
the rest are husbandmen. One travels some  
two months upon the territory, and then comes  
to a great salt lake called Sebkah Schanakhtha.  
This lake loses itself, in the sand of a bound-  
less desert, in which one finds no trace of vege-  
tation. Across this desert, the passage of  
which occupies five weeks, dwell nations of a  
red color, living in tents made of buffalo skins,  
and subsisting on dates and camel's milk.—  
Then comes a second waste, which can be  
crossed in fifteen days—after which occur the  
first oases—which belong to the Mountains  
of the Moon, and are inhabited by red men.—  
Are these accounts actually based on facts?—  
The journey, as described, is long enough to bring  
one to the Atlantic.

NEWSPAPER READING.—It is a universal fact,  
that those scholars of both sexes and all ages,  
who have had access to newspapers at home,  
when compared to those who have not, are—  
1st. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation  
and emphasis, and, consequently, read more un-  
derstandingly. 2nd. They are better spellers,  
and define words with greater ease and accu-  
racy. 3rd. They obtain a practical knowledge of  
geography in almost half the time it requires  
others, as the newspaper has made them famil-  
iar with the location of all the important places,  
nations, the governments and doings on the  
globe. 4th. They are better grammarians.—  
5th. They write better compositions, using bet-  
ter language, containing more thoughts, more  
clearly and connectedly expressed. 6th. They  
exhibit more extensive views on a variety of  
subjects, and express their views with a greater  
fluency, clearness and correctness in the use of  
language.

Whisker-tellers is the name of the "little  
John cow catchers" that the ladies wear on  
their cheeks in the place

"where the whiskers, ought to grow."

They are formed by drawing down a little  
tuft of hair from the temple, and curling it up  
in the shape of a ram's horn or a little pig's  
tail with an extra kink to it.

There is no form of hypocrisy so dangerous  
as that which assumes the mask of frankness  
and it is the most common.

UNCLE TOM IN ENGLAND.—Mary Howitt, in  
a private letter we have just received from her,  
thus speaks of the popularity in England of  
Mrs. Stowe's admirable book:

"Of course, you are aware of the wonderful  
excitement produced here by Uncle Tom's Cab-  
in. Every-body is reading it. Hundreds of  
thousands of copies are in circulation. My  
daughter saw a baker's boy sitting on her bread  
cart in the street reading it. Masters and mis-  
tresses read it in the parlor, and their servants  
at the same time in the kitchen. High and  
low all read it. It is acted at our theaters, and  
some absurd person has even written a sequel  
to it, bringing (I believe) Uncle Tom alive into  
England."

Why cannot some British philanthropist give  
us an equally vivid and searching exposure of  
the social wrongs and abuses endured by the  
disinherited and down trodden masses in the  
British isles? There is ample material, and the  
right use of it has almost but not quite, been  
made. Jerrold's St. Giles and St. James, May-  
hew's London Labor and the London Poor,  
Crichtley Prince's Memories Kingsley's Alton  
Locke, are all hints in the right direction—and  
there are doubtless many others either unknown  
to or which do not at this moment occur to us.  
Who shall fuse the abundant materials in the  
fire of genius, and give us the British counter-  
part of Uncle Tom? It would doubtless be  
more universally popular here than at home—  
as Uncle Tom is even more in England than  
here. It is pleasant to assist at a scathing ex-  
posure of other people's sins, especially our  
neighbors."

GROWING TREES FROM CUTTINGS.—There are  
a great many things left yet, we are confident  
that our philosophy has never dreamed of.—  
Last spring we tried the Bohemian method of  
inserting cuttings in potatoes but the vital fluid  
never ascended into the cuttings, and instead of  
a crop of trees, we shall get a crop of potatoes.  
We intend to try the suggestion given below:  
the experiment will be a simple and cheap one,  
and in relation to every simple experiment, we  
would say to the reader, "go thou and do like-  
wise."

A French gentleman named Delacroix, has  
discovered a new mode of propagating trees  
from cuttings, which has been proved success-  
ful for apples, pears, plums, apricots, &c., as  
well as for roses and other plants that are te-  
nacious of life. This method is to bend the  
cutting in the form of a bow and to put it in  
the ground at the two extremities, leaving only  
the middle part exposed and on a level with the  
surface of the ground. There must be at that  
point a good bud or shoot. All other parts be-  
ing protected by the earth from drying, give vig-  
or to the bud, which is soon transformed into  
leaves, by which in its turn it draws from the  
atmosphere the carbon necessary to the forma-  
tion of roots. This method of planting is to  
form two ridges, and placing the cutting across  
the furrow between, cover the ends with earth,  
press it upon them, and water freely. The cut-  
tings should be of last year's growth.

PAYING DEBTS.—One of our religious exchan-  
ges has the following strong remarks on this  
subject. They drive the nail in to the head and  
clinch it.

Men may sophisticate as they please, they can  
never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws  
in the universe cannot make it right for them  
not to pay their debts. The sin is as clear, and  
as deserving church discipline as in stealing or  
false swearing. He who violates his promise  
to pay, or withholds the payment of a debt when  
it is in his power to meet his engagements,  
ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all  
honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be  
a very comfortable cloak under which to hide;  
but if religion does not make a man deal justly,  
it is not worth having.

WHOM TO MARRY.—When a young woman  
behaves to her parents in a manner particu-  
larly tender and respectful, from principle as well  
as nature, there is something good and gentle  
that may be expected from her, in whatever  
condition she may be placed. Were I to ad-  
vise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first  
counsel would be, "Look out for one distin-  
guished by her attention and sweetness to her  
parents." The fund of worth and affection in-  
dicated by such behavior, joined to the habits  
of duty and consideration thereby constructed,  
being transferred to the married state, will not  
fail to render her a mild and obliging compan-  
ion.

"I never could see," said Mrs. Partington, as  
she took off her specks and laid down the pa-  
per, "why they always call them ships she's and  
her's, just as if they were all females. I did  
think when they got up the 'mail line' that  
there'd be some hims, and there could be some  
of both sexes."

Circumstances alter cases. Red paint, which  
is a great improvement on the looks of old hou-  
ses, is but an injury to the cheeks of young la-  
dies.

Youth indulges in hope, old age in remem-  
brance.